

THE REMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ

different points, apparently neither advancing nor receding, until late in the afternoon the artillery became silent, and a mighty Union cheer filled the air. Then his hope rose that something favorable to us had happened. Still, he was disquieted again by the continued presence of the rebel infantry around him, until late in the night he heard something like the passing around of an order among them in a low voice, where-upon they seemed quietly to slink away. Then perfect stillness. At break of day he ventured his head out of «the pig-sty, and finding the kitchen garden completely deserted, he went into the house, the inhabitants of which greeted*him first with some apprehension, but then, upon better knowledge of the situation, with great glee. A happy moment it was¹ to me when I could telegraph to Mrs. Schimmelf ennig, who was, with my family, at Bethlehem, Pa., that her husband,¹ who had been reported missing after the first day's battle, had been found, sound and safe!

No contrast could have been gloomier than that between the light-hearted hilarity of our breakfast and my visit to the battlefield immediately following it. The rebels had removed many if not most of their dead, but ours lay still in ghastly array on the ground where they had fallen. There can be no more hideous sight than that of the corpses on a battlefield, after they have been exposed a day or more to the sun in warm weather—the bodies swollen to monstrous size,

the faces
bloated¹ and black, the eyes bulging out with a
dead stare, all
their features puffed out almost beyond
recognition, some
lying singly or in rows, others in heaps,, having
fallen over one
another, some in attitudes of peaceful repose,
others with arms
raised, others in a sitting posture, others on their
knees, others
clawing the earth, many horribly distorted by
what must have
been a frightful death-struggle. Here I stood on
the ground